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First of Two Essays by Leslie Fiedler

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

The Shakespeare-quoting New York cop, Redmond O'Hanlon, reached the $32,000 question on the Revlon cosmetics double-or-quit TV show and then decided to get out a winner. The Bible-erudite typist, Mrs. Catherine Kreitzer, went a notch higher and reached the $64,000 question when she bowed out, too, quoting the admonition of Philippians IV:5, to let her "moderation be known to all men."

There is a political parable here, perhaps. You see, Mrs. Kreitzer wouldn't actually have won that additional $32,000 if she had answered the next question. She would have risked all her winnings and then, if successful, she would have seen the income tax people (who don't know a thing about the Bible or Shakespeare) grab $19,000 of the kitty leaving her only $13,000 for the extra risk.

Ike is right on top of the game now. He is an attractive figure who symbolizes what the nation wants most, peace and prosperity and an un-joggled boat. The single fact dominating all American politics today is that his Gallup Poll rating is at 79 percent, while only 13 percent disapprove of what he's doing and 8 percent have no opinion. It is doubtful if anything like this has happened before in our history to a President in his third year in office. Washington didn't have such overwhelming support; Lincoln certainly didn't; Franklin Roosevelt in 1936 carried every state except New Hampshire and Vermont, but not with a popularity anywhere near this. Ike tells associates he does not understand it. Will he quit while he is still ahead? From his own personal view he risks overwhelmingly more than he can hope to gain.

Our own guess still is that he will run again, perhaps with sorrow as he looks back at the decision later on. He feels that he has a mission to serve in foreign affairs, and complete Democratic support makes this work vastly easier. But above all Ike has the professional soldier's sense of duty and hears the GOP leaders chant endlessly that he must not abandon his helpless party half way through the traditional two terms. Ike seems fascinated with the subject himself; he frequently raises it, and obviously is debating it.

Suppose it had happened in Russia. Suppose a midshipman at the Soviet Merchant Marine Academy, with the second highest rank in his class, had been refused a commission because his mother had once subscribed to the *Wall Street Journal*. He had persuaded his mother to abandon her evil ways, but the Communists had visited her sins upon his head. What a howl of joyous derision would have been raised outside Russia. Well, the US Navy refused a commission to Eugene Landy because his mother was formerly a Communist. Now we are happy to report everybody from Norman Thomas to the DAR is protesting the decision. The affair promises to be salutary on the whole, for while the United States will be laughed at, of course, all round the globe, it reveals McCarthyism in its declining phase when it has become patently absurd and preposterous.

Rowland Watts, national secretary of the Workers' Defense League, helped in part by a grant from the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic, has just submitted to the Pentagon a nationwide survey showing the effect of the Army's security program on draftees. The boys are inducted whether they like it or not. Then they are examined and disloyalty labels pinned on some for pre-induction activities which have nothing to do with their army service. The result is that some fail to get "honorable discharge," which means that they are barred from many civilian jobs and the stigma may last all their lives. As broadcaster Edward P. Morgan summarized some of these findings—"men were stigmatized because of political associations attributed to relatives as far removed as grandparents, step-mothers and in-laws." The Army branded one draftee for non-criminal and perfectly legitimate activities at the age of 15 in judging his loyalty. The political commissar system has apparently been adopted in the armed forces.

Some weeks ago (June 20) we reported the curious discovery of the Chudhoff House subcommittee that the Interior Department had secretly asked the big Pacific Gas and Electric Co. to draw up a list of proposed changes in power transmission regulations. It then adopted them almost in toto without consultation with farm co-operatives, public power authorities or other affected parties. As we brood over the Dixon-Yates affair we realize that in this vastly bigger field the same pattern prevailed. The job here was turned over to Joseph Dodge, then budget director. He called in a private utility-banking executive named Wenzell, who later testified he thought TVA was "galloping socialism." Without any consultation with the two parties most vitally concerned—TVA and the City of Memphis—Wenzell drew up his report. In other words the Federal government went secretly for its advice to the spokesmen of the private utility industry just as it did in the PG&E matter.

Later on, an all-but successful attempt was made to conceal Wenzell's connection with the affair.

Now the Administration opens fire on a new target, Hell's Canyon. The FPC unanimously recommends three piecemeal dams built by the Idaho Power Company in preference to one big dam owned by the public. Columnist Tom Stokes reveals a secret memorandum signed by five GOP House members and addressed to a party conclave just before Congress quit: "The President opposes Hell's Canyon," they reported, "because it is a public power project." They go on to report that he favors the Upper Colorado project because "all the power would be sold at 'load centers' to private utilities. . . ."

Senator Neuberger points out that FPC Examiner Costello originally reported that the three-dam program would produce only 505,000 KW of power whereas the alternative of one high dam, built by the Federal government, would produce 924,000 KW. That would be the permanent loss to the nation of 410,000 KW, the equivalent of another Bonneville Dam. It seems a high price to pay even to get rid of "public power."

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Private Interests of Public Servants

JEROME K. KUYKENDALL, Eisenhower-appointed chairman of the Federal Power Commission, is the latest subject of Congress' investigation into "conflict of interests" in government.

The immediate cause for scrutinizing Mr. Kuykendall was the announcement —just two days after Congress had adjourned — that the FPC had finally decided to permit the Idaho Power Company to develop Hell's Canyon, a site which public power advocates have been fighting to save for public use.

Mr. Kuykendall is not new to the Hell's Canyon dispute. In 1951 he was appointed chairman of the Washington State Public Service Commission by Governor Langlie, an outspoken opponent of a Federal project at Hell's Canyon. Langlie endorsed Kuykendall's appointment to the FPC early in April, 1953. Less than a month later the Department of the Interior withdrew its opposition to the application of the Idaho Power Company to build its own dam on the site.

The House Small Business Committee, under Rep. Joe L. Evins (D, Tenn.) —which had the satisfaction of seeing Federal Trade Commission Chairman Edward F. Howrey hand in his resignation very soon after it disclosed how he had interfered in a Government suit against his old employer, Firestone Rubber (*NR*, August 1, 1955)—turned its attention to Mr. Kuykendall, and discovered that, like a large part of official Washington, the FPC Chairman had dirtied his fingers in the Dixon-Yates deal.

In August, 1954, FPC lawyers prepared legal opinions which severely criticized the Dixon-Yates contract as being contrary to the public interest. When the chairman of the purportedly independent commission appeared before a Congressional committee in November—at which time the Administration was trying to rush through Congressional approval of the deal before the Congress changed hands—he did not mention these opinions at all and, in fact, stated flatly: "No, our lawyers were not called into this." It is expected that Sen. Estes Kefauver (D, Tenn.) will be interested in hearing Mr. Kuykendall's version of what happened, when his Senate subcommittee resumes its investigation into Dixon-Yates.

In his appearance before the Small Business Committee, Mr. Kuykendall was also questioned about a management engineering firm (shades of Harold Talbott!) which had been selected to study and recommend changes in the operations of the Federal Power Commission. He was asked specifically whether he had tried to find out if the selected firm had business relations with any company that had a proposal pending before the FPC. He had not. He was asked whether it would have made any difference to him if the engineering firm had been shown to have such relations. He replied, "No, I do not see how it would."

But this Wenzell-like sanguinity about the financial interests and outside affiliations of Government officials is not universal; four separate Congressional committees are currently looking into the problem, and the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division, under Assistant Attorney General Stanley N. Barnes, has started its own probe of the dollar-a-year men. One of the Department's first moves was to obtain the removal of Franz von Schilling, a Caltex Oil Company official, from his post as head of the Interior Department's advisory group on foreign oil supplies. As Mr. Barnes put it, Mr. von Schilling had been operating in "a borderland of law and ethics." Mr. Barnes is also challenging the right of Sullivan and Cromwell, Secretary of State Dulles' former law firm, to defend two oil companies against a $100 million Government suit. The vigorous assistant attorney general charges that one of the firm's lawyers acquired specialized knowledge of the case while serving with the government from 1949 to 1951. The law firm admits he served but assures the nation that he learned nothing.

Despite the activities of his Justice Department, President Eisenhower himself still seems to share the Kuykendall-Wenzell philosophy of who should run things. Last week, he defended the employment of Brig. Gen. W. W. White, a former Esso vice-president still on Standard Oil's payroll, as head of the Defense Department's Petroleum Logistics Division. "It would be idle," said the President, "to employ as a consultant anyone who didn't know something about the petroleum business. He is bound to come from the petroleum industry." No borderland problems for the Chief Executive.

Roads from Rome

EXACTLY one thousand years ago, hordes of pagan Magyars—descendants of Huns who had come to Danubian Europe from central Asia—burst into Bavaria and besieged Augsburg. On the 10th of August in the year 955, the armies of the German Emperor Otto the Great defeated them on the Lechfeld in a battle which helped make possible the re-creation of Charlemagne's Holy Roman Empire.

Pope Pius contributed to Augsburg's celebration of the event this year by writing a letter in German to Bishop Freundorfer—a message which proves that the Roman Catholic Church looks not only far backward but also far forward. Again, the Pope said, Western civilization is most seriously threatened. But . . .

> The Roman Catholic Church is not linked to Western civilization. It does not identify itself with any particular civilization. It is ready to enter into contact with any civilization, for it recognizes willingly in any civilization everything which is not in contrast with the work of the Creator, everything which is compatible with man's dignity, man's rights and natural duties.

The day after this letter was made public the Vatican's official newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, commenting on the

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controversy between Portugal and India over possession of Goa, said:

> The Indian Government has given solemn assurances that if the territory of Goa came under its sovereignty, religious freedom and all the rights of Catholics would be fully respected and protected. The Church does not involve itself in purely political questions. . . . But, true to its spiritual and peaceful mission, the Holy See hopes and vigorously suggests that any recourse to force be avoided.

Taken together, these two official statements mean that Pandit Nehru's visit to the Pope early in July was unusually successful. He was more convincing about Goa than Portugal's Catholic-clerical dictator Salazar, and more persuasive about Red China than Cardinal Spellman and prominent US Catholic laymen of the China Lobby.

The Indian statesman told the Pope that Red China would not only release the captive Americans but would also be willing to consider improvement in the status of Catholic missionaries if the Church gave some sign of understanding "the spirit of Bandung."

Nehru also suggested to the Italian Government that if it recognized Red China, such a step might facilitate Italy's entry into the United Nations. Ambassador Magistrati, Italy's observer at the Big Four conference, checked both with Secretary Dulles and Foreign Minister Molotov and found that Nehru had been well informed.

There is said to be a plan—naturally secret at the present stage—for settling the problem of Red China's entry into the UN. It comes out of the Big Four discussions at Geneva. But since, as President Eisenhower said, no secret agreements of any kind were made or even discussed at Geneva, no one of the Big Four can be the plan's sponsor. It is conceivable, however, that a country like Italy, as a new member of the UN which had recognized Peking and was closely linked to the Vatican, might be the sponsor.

Follow That Mother!

NORMAN THOMAS visited the Pentagon last week and handed Secretary of the Army Wilbur M. Brucker a 250-page study of the Army's security program. Prepared by Rowland Watts, national secretary of the Workers' Defense League, the report concludes that since being shaken by the McCarthy-Cohn-Schine guerilla action two years ago, the Army has become a political and social censor over every draftee. The Army inducts a young man, and then proceeds to inquire into the activities he engaged in and the associations he maintained before he was inducted. If these are not to the liking of the security officers, the young man gets an "undesirable discharge." If there is some doubt about the matter, he receives a "general discharge." Both cast a stigma on the individual which he must carry into civilian life, even though his military service may have been above reproach. The known Communist, on the other hand, will simply not be inducted, and thus gets off far easier than the suspected sympathizer.

Just who authorized army officers to constitute themselves an ex-officio loyalty board with jurisdiction over the past and future lives of the troops under their command remains a mystery.

Mr. Watts' analysis of 110 security cases has brought to light a multitude of investigative gems. One draftee was "reported to be a member of the Young Communist League"—a group that was dissolved when he was eight years old. The wife of another suspect was known to have a copy of the *Communist Manifesto* in her apartment; this same fellow's grandfather "attended meetings of the Communist Party regularly." As if this weren't enough to damn him, the man with the straying grandfather was asked by Army Security officers: ". . . did you know that there were many Jews at the university (you attended)? Why did you, a white person, belong to the NAACP?"

A major charge against one defendant was that his father "was reported to have said that if Communism offered anything good he would accept it." Worse still, "an ardent reader of Marx and Engels" was unearthed in the nation's armed forces. The mother-in-law of one desperado was suspected by S-2 of being a Communist activist who was currently "lying low." This charge, it turns out, had real substance. The lady died in 1940.

One day after Mr. Thomas paid his visit to the Pentagon, the Navy demonstrated that it is not a whit less security conscious than its land-bound cousin. Eugene W. Landy, an honor student at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, stood in ranks with his hand lowered while his classmates were sworn in as ensigns in the US Naval Reserve. Mr. Landy's application for a commission had been rejected—reportedly because his mother was a card-carrying Communist during World War II.

Both Army Secretary Brucker — who thinks his security set-up "has been working very satisfactorily" — and Navy Secretary Thomas have promised to look into their respective problems. So Mr. Landy may get his commission after all, and the Army Security officers who asked the stupidest questions are practically sure of a dressing down.

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Awaiting the New Ideas of Mr. Stassen

HAROLD STASSEN will give the UN disarmament conference, opening at New York August 29, some "new ideas of more specific type than I expressed at Geneva." Those are the President's words.

This stress upon "new ideas" suggests movement and is intended to be encouraging. But it is misleading, because all disarmament proposals since World War II have followed a consistent chain of thought, one proposal leading to another, and modifications flowing from the world arms race.

For example, in 1954 the United States thought the control of atomic weapons and the curtailment of conventional armies were two different problems. But as the Soviet bloc built up its huge standing armies and the West accumulated its stockpile of atomic weapons, it became clear the two must be cut back in relation to each other.

The next step was the phasing of reduction so that each side felt secure at each step. Oversimplified, the problem might be compared to two stone-age bands, one armed with 10 spears and two swords, the other with 10 swords and two spears. One fought better at a distance, the other at close range. How could they disarm by stages? The most significant progress at the London talks this spring was that Soviet and Western delegates appeared to reach substantial agreement on this problem of phasing, as reflected in their published papers.

The next evolution concerned the inspection system. It was the American notion in 1946 that if UN searching parties were given unlimited access to Soviet and American factories, they could spot illegal production of bombs and hidden caches of weapons. Both sides now agree that searching parties would not be fool-proof.

This led to the proposals at London this spring, which appear designed to detect mobilization for attack, not hidden weapons. The Soviets stressed a lookout at airports, rail centers, and shipping ports, and a scrutiny of Government appropriations. The West accepted this as part of the problem, but added aerial overflights and nuclear research by the UN Control Authority to help it detect new developments in countries which agreed to disarm.

These were the positions when the US disarmament meeting recessed in mid-May and awaited the findings of the Big Four meeting. The sensational proposal of the President for exchange of blueprints and aerial verification was actually a restatement of the position of American proposals at London, but it had fresh dramatic impact coming from one Chief of State to another.

American military authorities concede that the President's proposal would give initial advantage to the US. First, the exchange of blueprints would give the Soviet intelligence service a mass of information which is largely in Russian hands already, while the information supplied by the Russians, if the agreement were conscientiously fulfilled, would contain much data which the US now lacks. Moreover, American aerial reconnaisance in Russia would expose such politically vulnerable activities as the forced labor camps, while Soviet overflights in the US would produce little of value for propaganda.

If the President's proposals are not now acceptable as a first step, it is the feeling in Washington that Harold Stassen should be able to present at New York some alternatives which should have the merit (a) of preserving the present near-equilibrium of military strength between the East and the West, (b) should be verifiable by a simple system of inspection, and (c) should lead toward major disarmament.

The kind of search which Mr. Stassen's staff has been conducting can be illustrated by the following alternatives, which are not based upon official documents, but represent the range of possibilities to be surveyed in New York:

1. *Immediate prohibition of nuclear weapons tests.* This agreement would tend to freeze the present level of technical advancement of nuclear weapons. Inspection would be simple by long-range scientific monitoring. But it is not clear in published information whether the US or the Soviet Union would benefit more.

2. *Immediate prohibition of nuclear weapon production.* Such an agreement, if not combined with partial destruction of existing stocks, would be to the immense advantage of the US. Military men feel it could be verified with reasonable accuracy by flights over the major production centers, though there is a small military value in the by-products of peacetime atomic activity.

3. *Contributions to atoms for peace.* If the production of nuclear weapons were stopped, and the major producers agreed on sizable contributions to the atoms for peace program, these gifts would represent a diversion from military stocks. Explosives in nuclear weapons, when diluted, provide the fuel required for most peaceful atom products.

4. *Prohibition of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile.* If the United States and the Soviet Union were to agree to stop work on the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, this would leave unchanged the present power equilibrium, since neither country has such a weapon at the moment. It might not be possible to detect continued secret work on such a weapon in the laboratory, but before military use a two-stage rocket would require intensive testing, which could be easily detected. That is how the Allies discovered the German V-1 and V-2 preparations. Extensive tests were conducted, and the launching sites were visible by aerial reconnaissance. Work upon a three-stage rocket for launching the artificial moon would in some respects be similar to the 2-stage IBM, but there seems general agreement the difference could be spotted.

5. *Inspection of all means of delivering the bomb.* An agreement to control all means of delivering the bomb would involve not only the IBM but airplanes above a given size, whether commercial or military, inspection of surface vessels and submarines. This would pose so many violations of commercial privacy and national sovereignty—for which the US went to war more than once—that the proposal would have to be narrowed.

Any of these proposals, if accepted without provision for simple, effective enforcement, poses greater danger to a democracy than to an authoritarian state. Americans cannot equal the Russians in suspiciousness. Once we sign an agreement, we tend to impute good faith. Our democratic budget process would prompt an early adjustment in expenditures to reflect the new appearance of security. Thus simple enforcement is the watchword at the New York meeting, and our watchfulness is entrusted to Ambassador Stassen.

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Soviet-style Economics and Indian Needs

THROUGHOUT all India movie houses have been showing the films of Nehru's Russian tour. The spectacular welcome given to their leader has naturally filled Indians with new warmth for the Soviet regime. But more interesting in a nation whose foreign policy is the work of one man is Nehru's private assessment of his trip.

Nehru overflowed with sentimental effusions at the end of his Russian journey. "I leave part of my heart behind," he declared; and the rest of his address, with its claim that progress in Russia was due to the "love of work displayed by the whole Soviet people," could have been written by a Soviet propagandist. All this, however, is less than proof of a genuine conversion. Nehru certainly was impressed by the Soviet leaders' desire for peace. His favorable impression was strengthened by his indifference to the moral transgressions of totalitarianism, for he professes to regard Communism, where it has seized power, as suiting the people who have "chosen" it quite as well as democracy suits other lands. In addition, Nehru was deeply moved by the reception he received. He revels in the affection, bordering on idolatry, which the Indian masses shower on him, and renews himself spiritually each time he addresses and mingles with the immense crowds which voluntarily gather to hear him everywhere in India. Welcome on this mob scale is something he cannot find anywhere outside India except in regimented countries where mass adulation of currently approved heroes is part of the citizens' routine. Nehru is too shrewd not to realize that the Russian people would never have heard of him as a good man and a champion of peace except that the Soviet press and radio suddenly decided to tell them so. The fact that he has been self-consciously denying the organized character of the welcome he got in Russia is perhaps a sign of his afterthoughts about its spontaneity.

More important in the governing of India is Nehru's reaction to the attractive power of Communism itself. Here, Cabinet colleagues to whom Nehru has talked about his tour say that the Russian visit left the Prime Minister far less affected emotionally than the trip to Red China eight months earlier. This is natural. Of India's two Communist neighbors, China is the nearer and dearer. Its rapid development under a totalitarian regime is a challenge to the newly free nations of Southeast Asia. Nehru has said that in terms of population and pressure on land, social background and technological development, the experience of China is more relevant to India than that of Russia, the US or any other country. After watching the spectacular results of the Communists' "human sea" labor tactics in China, he returned with an urgent sense of India's race against time. But he also proclaimed himself convinced of the superiority of democratic over totalitarian methods.

Economics, however, is not Nehru's specialty. Ever since his first visit to the Soviet Union in 1927 when the Bolsheviks' five-year plan was being framed, and especially after the great depression which shook the capitalist world, Nehru has been an ardent advocate of planning and an admirer of Russia's economic achievements. In 1938, as leader of the Congress Party, he appointed a non-official Planning Committee to assess India's economic resources and formulate development schemes which could be implemented when the country became free. In 1950, as soon as the shock of the partition and mass migrations which accompanied freedom had subsided, he headed another Planning Commission—this time as Prime Minister.

Nehru returned from his visit to Communist China last November with a pronounced zeal for increased state initiative in economic development, and got the Congress Party and Parliament to adopt the objective of a "socialistic pattern of society." He added to the Planning Commission a Russophile statistician, Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis, who had assembled a number of Soviet and Polish economists at the Calcutta Statistical Institute to advise on Indian planning. The framework of a plan with Soviet-style emphasis on heavy industries, and largely embodying the professor's ideas on economic policy, was approved by the Planning Commission at Nehru's instance shortly before the Moscow visit. Nominally it will shape India's second five-year plan, due to start next year.

The Gandhian, anti-machinery school of Mr. Nehru's party has been demanding that unemployment be combatted by encouraging the high-cost methods of small-scale production. Most modern economists, on the other hand, see a break-through from the circle of poverty and population growth only in a vast expansion of economic activity through improved technology and mass production at low prices. In contrast, the Soviet-style Mahalanobis Plan promises all things to all men. It offers rapid development of heavy industries by directing most government investment into that channel; it also pleases village-industry enthusiasts by proposing to rely largely on low-capital, small-scale industries to meet the increased demand for consumer goods. Competition is to be eliminated by putting a ceiling on factory production. It is the idea of achieving at once both industrialization and higher employment which made Nehru welcome the plan, and not the author's leanings toward Russia.

The snag in the plan is that it assumes a capital-output ratio for small-scale industries that is fantastically low. In addition, the resources required for the Mahalanobis Plan are nowhere in sight. However, technical details of productivity ratios are beyond Nehru, and it was not difficult to persuade him that "physical" planning could overcome the limitations of finance.

Trained civil servants who combine a personal loyalty to India's greatest man with a horror of his new economic adviser feared that Nehru's Russian trip might swing him all the way over to Mahalanobis' views. "Will your visit to Russia influence India's second five-year plan?" was one of the first questions put to Nehru on his return. Nehru's reply was terse: "I do not think my visit to Russia has any particular effect on our second plan, which is based on conditions in India." Many developments he saw abroad, he said, were interesting and deserved study. But the only example Nehru cited was in Tito's Yugoslavia, nothing from Russia.

For the moment, adviser Mahalanobis remains. But no one who knows Nehru has any doubt that the Mahalanobis Plan will be altered to suit realities before it is finally adopted. In domestic as in foreign policy, Nehru talks more "left" than he acts.

G. N. S. RAGHAVAN

New Delhi

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EDITORIAL

Fumbling for a China Policy

EVERYONE whirls around while the music plays in the old game of statues, and freezes motionless when the music stops. So, in our game that we are playing with Communist China the music stopped when the prisoners were released. It caught Mr. Dulles talking somewhat surreptitiously with the Peking Government through the Ambassadorial level at Geneva. And it froze all our molders of opinion in lugubrious attitudes, declaiming still against dealings of any kind with Peking.

The Chinese Communists doubtless know where they are going when the music starts up again. Do we? Mr. Dulles for obvious reasons is unwilling at this moment to look far ahead. And yet he is playing for high stakes in the Pacific. What we hope to arrive at by "progressive steps," he declares:

> . . . is a situation where the Chinese Communists will have renounced the use of force to achieve their ambitions. . . . The important thing is that the pistol should be permanently discarded, and we hope that the trend of events will bring reassurance on that point.

This is a startling declaration in the light of the past. It implies a change beyond any new line of the Communists, and one, therefore, which parallel action by the United States must contribute in bringing about. *But what parallel action?* What is the "trend of events" that may hold out hope of peace in the Pacific?

The constructive course of the present negotiations with the Chinese Communists is one sign that Mr. Dulles points to in identifying the new "trend of events." And he points to others. "Chinese Communist warlike activities . . . have not been resumed," he records, ". . . there has been something like a *de facto* cease-fire in the Taiwan (Formosa) area. . . . In addition various governments which have diplomatic relations with the people's Republic of China have indicated their own belief in the desire of the Chinese Communists to pursue a peaceful path." Mr. Dulles points further to the July 30 address of Chou En-lai which he declares goes further "in the renunciation of force than anything he had said before."

Six months ago the Chinese Communists promised Dag Hammerskjold that they would release the prisoners on reasonable terms that our government chose to reject. Now the Chinese Communists have traded the release of prisoners for the US decision to meet and to talk. In the course of these talks they will lay out their further objectives. They will seek, and sooner or later obtain, a meeting at the foreign minister level. There they will confront Mr. Dulles' proposal that pistols be laid aside and at that moment it will be the American, not the Chinese pistol, that the world will be watching.

IN Europe it is the Soviet Government which is in the awkward position of blocking German unification. In the Pacific, it is the United States which must retreat from its untenable position of participating in, and so keeping alive, the Chinese civil war. That war is over, and we alone among the major nations cling to the pretense that the Government of Formosa governs China as well. The "trend of events" foreseen by Mr. Dulles cannot endure while our Pacific position is anchored to that pretense. And if the trend is halted the world may hold us to blame.

In the past year, the Administration took the first step toward disengagement in Asia. The President overrode his advisers who advocated the perpetuation and enlargement of the Chinese civil war. The conciliatory attitude of the Chinese Communists followed this downgrading of the Formosa dispute. And yet the civil war continues with our acquiescence if not our support.

The danger centers, of course, in Quemoy and Matsu, where substantial Nationalist armies stand, armed with American weapons and provisioned by American supplies. Neither law, nor the consent of other nations, justifies our part there. For the contribution of those islands to the defense of Formosa is subordinate, as both sides concede, to their symbolic and strategic role as springboards in a Nationalist offensive against the China mainland. That offensive may have been written off in Washington. But it continues to be the Nationalists' whole reason for being. No Chinese regime, Communist or non-Communist, could tolerate the presence within the contour of its own coastline of a defeated but well-armed enemy, preying on coastal shipping and awaiting its first opportunity to attack. And no sovereign and responsible government can forswear its legitimate right to resolve this intolerable situation, if need by, by force. In asking Peking to forswear all use of force, while its coastal islands are held by an enemy, Mr. Dulles is demanding a concession which every American Government throughout our history would have indignantly turned down had an enemy occupied an island off *our* shores.

We moved to the rim of war over the coastal islands last winter and again in July. It would have been a war without justification or purpose, and we would have fought almost alone. The danger of war over the islands continues, basically unaltered by the new "trend of

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events." To extricate ourselves from the danger is no concession to the Communists but a gain which our own self-interest demands. It calls not for negotiation but for unilateral action on our part. We cannot force the Nationalists off the coastal islands, and it is even doubtful that they would leave now at our urging. But we can declare that the islands are a matter between Chinese, in which we have no part. The President can and should end his equivocal position with a clear declaration, disassociating the United States from Nationalist tenure of the islands; offering our protection to the Nationalists, if they will evacuate them, but prohibiting the continued provisioning of their garrisons with American weapons, ammunition and supplies.

"Conditions permitting," declared Chou En-lai on July 30, "the Chinese people are ready to seek the liberation of Taiwan by peaceful means." Evacuation of Quemoy and Matsu is certainly the first condition, and it may suffice. Mr. Dulles insists that the Chinese Communists must learn to live for some time with the present government of Formosa. That, strangely, is a thought that no longer seems repugnant in Peking.

The reason presumably is that the Chinese Communists believe that in Formosa time is on their side. The Generalissimo is without a successor; the United States here stands alone. Communist air power is mounting; the Nationalist armies are aging. And worldwide support of Communist claims is growing as the Peking regime begins to conform to standards of international conduct and the bitter heritage of the Korean War recedes.

Until now the United States has blinded herself to the slow erosion of her position in Formosa. The retention of the American prisoners in China has served, not only as a barrier to negotiation, but as justification for the lack of policy on our side. Now the prisoners are leaving China, negotiation is in order, and we have no choice: we need a concept of Formosa's future which friendly nations can endorse.

We and 48 other signatories of the Japanese peace treaty hold clear rights and responsibilities in Formosa, which center in the welfare of the Formosan people.

We have forgotten this in our preoccupation with the strength and morale of the Nationalist armies that now occupy Formosa. And neither the Nationalists nor the Communists want us to remember it today. Both sides maintain that Formosa is a part of China. Both reject their permanent separation. But separation is not a course that we are entitled to rule out.

Krishna Menon, in the course of his own maneuvers, has committed India to the view that Formosa is a part of China. He has impressed upon Peking the necessity for recognizing the interim problem created by the Generalissimo, and the Chinese Communists are making his proposal their own. The Peking Government, Chou hints, in his July 30 speech, is ready to recognize Chiang as the Governor of the Chinese territory of Formosa, which will be regarded as similar to other "autonomous" Chinese possessions in Mongolia and Tibet. "After all," Chou remarked in Bandung, "many Nationalist generals now serve under our command."

Chou's reasoning is obvious. By this sophisticated policy, he will scotch all plans to separate China and Formosa, ease the United States out of the Formosa area, and gain total control of the island within a few years. The alternative for this nation is not inaction. It is to ask the coming UN Assembly to accept responsibility for the ultimate determination of Formosa's status. The first memorandum on the Japanese Peace Treaty which Mr. Dulles circulated in 1950 suggested that if the Great Powers could not agree on the disposition of Formosa, they should agree to accept the decision of the UN Assembly, as they had done in the case of the Italian colonies. That proposal is sounder today than when Mr. Dulles first made it.

Two-thirds of the Assembly members will be necessary for any such decision. Many of these nations take the position that Communist China has a legitimate place in the debate on Formosa's future. And so their readiness to accept responsibility in Formosa may rest on our attitude toward Peking's claim to speak for China in the UN. There is no longer a valid argument against this claim. Nor is there any gain for the United States in resisting it. Mr. Dulles grants by implication that the Peking regime is the Government of China. He insists that it forswear the use of force in advancing its ambitions. He affirms that the United Nations is the universal forum where nations may find an alternative to force in advancing their claims. He indicates that Peking is now ready to accept that alternative. On what basis, then, can the Administration deny Peking's place in the UN?

THE ANSWER, if there is one, lies within our party system. The President is responsible for the maintenance of orderly government in this country; orderly government in turn requires that the President's party be prevented from breaking apart. The myths that Republicans have lived by and used to gain power are not imperishable. But they are strong enough to set a pace toward recognition of China that may still seem too slow for the best interests of the free world, and of peace.

The President and the Secretary of State have failed to prepare public opinion for the changes that are inevitable in our Pacific policy. It is now for the press and the Congressional Democrats to help the President and Mr. Dulles to take the "progressive steps." No good end is served by House Foreign Affairs Chairman Richards who applauds the meeting of Ambassadors in Geneva and yet denounces recognition of Peking. Nor is the *New York Times* helpful when it belabors the Chinese Communists because they have not yet acceded to a "just peace" in the Pacific. The time has come instead for hard thinking, for asking what *we* mean by a *"just peace."*

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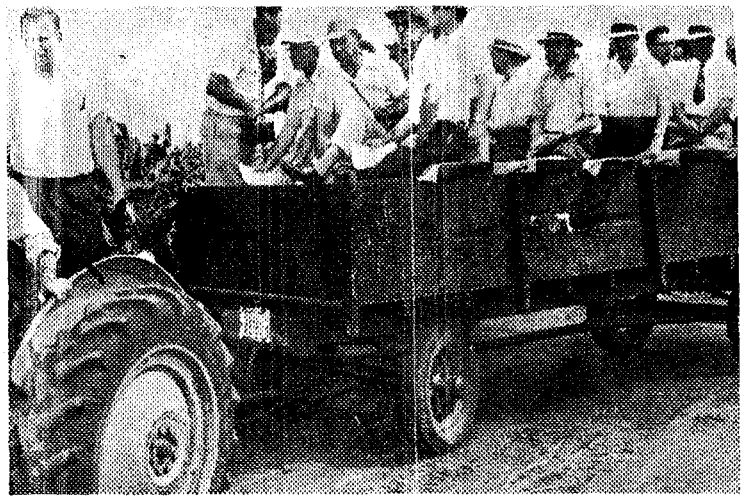
AUGUST 15, 1955

Kansas-bred soil conservation expert Kenneth Davis tells of the 103°-in-the-shade courtship between Iowans and Russians.



Iced Tea for the Commissars

by Kenneth S. Davis

IT WAS hot, the evening of Tuesday, July 26, in Spencer, Iowa—hot with that peculiarly sticky heat in which you are supposed to be able to "hear the corn grow" if, in your sweat-soaked misery, you care to listen. Nevertheless a crowd of several dozen was gathered on the blazing sidewalks beside Earl Tangney's hotel as the air-conditioned bus rolled to a stop at the hotel door—and it was a crowd swept by a quiet friendly interest so intense the oppressive heat was forgotten as the bus door swung open.

The driver came down to open the baggage compartment. Four other men came down to shake hands with Mr. Tangney and leading Spencer citizens. Then, in that semi-formal parade which has become the pattern of arrival at towns and farms, the smiling Russian "farmers" (actually they are all high Soviet farm officials) descended and, through interpreters, were introduced to their hosts for the night. The crowd stared fascinatedly.

First came Vladimir Vladimirovich Matskevich, 45, a stocky figure with an infectious smile, remarkably white teeth and clear gray eyes, and no hair upon his head: the fringe of hair which would otherwise cover his temples and the base of his skull is closely shaven. A protégé of Nikita Khrushchev, Soviet Communist party secretary, he's officially listed as first deputy minister of agriculture of the USSR but has recently been acting minister, and as leader of the 12-man Soviet delegation which has been touring American farms since July 17 he's proved to be an astute diplomat—a master of quotable repartee, acutely conscious of protocol yet genially "democratic" in manner, and, above all, absolutely imperturbable when faced by needling questions or by "incidents."

(Actually there has been only one "incident" as this is written. One Stan Baker of Hudson, Iowa, head of an "Iowa State Anti-Communist League" which reportedly has no other members, briefly picketed a farm the Russians visited, carrying a hand-lettered sign reading, "There is no freedom in Russia." He was angrily ordered off by the host's brother. Matskevich, asked if he'd seen the sign, replied with a shrug and a smile, "We do not see anything that is not on the itinerary.")

Next came Aleksandr Ivanovich Tulipnokov, 46, a short plump man whose head of thick, unruly black hair makes sharp contrast with the baldness of Matskevich. He's a member of the collegium of the Ministry of Agriculture and a director of the All-Union Scientific Research Institute of Agricultural Economics. A statistician, he's very far from being the withdrawn dessicated individual often deemed the type of his profession. On the contrary he is, with Matskevich, one of the two "stars" of what many seem to regard as the Soviet "road show," a voluble and volatile man with a quick sense of humor.

He's the only member of the delegation who speaks English and has visited America before; he toured the country in 1944. That evening in Spencer he was irritated because some comments he'd made about Jane Russell (an "unpleasant" woman with a "hard" face whose only asset is a "bust," he'd said after viewing one of her movies) were front-page news in Iowa papers. He greeted the crowd with his usual geniality, however, and patted childrens heads.

At eight-thirty next morning, a sidewalk crowd, smaller this time, watched the delegation climb into a bus which, followed by seven or eight cars carrying correspondents, headed south. At the outskirts of Spencer the bus suddenly drew to a curb, then made a U-turn

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(followed, as in a game of crack-the-whip, by the correspondents' cars) and came back to a Ford farm-machinery salesroom where the proprietor explained to the delegation—all of whom took copious notes— the tractors and other equipment on display.

Thirty minutes later the caravan was on its way again, roaring southward at between 65 and 70 miles an hour on a highway shimmering with heat mirages in the low places, over a rolling Iowa landscape that has seldom appeared more lush—though farmers were beginning to worry about lack of rain. The hot air was pungent with pollen from the miles of tasselled corn, with the thick green smell of new-cut hay, with the cool perfume of flowering alfalfa, with the dry corky odor given off under the blaze of sun by golden stubble fields. Stimulated to see things as the Russians might, one was impressed by the complete mechanization of these farms whose per-acre yields of corn and other Iowa specialty crops is the highest in the world. Wherever hay was being cut, or turned, or loaded, the job was done mechanically with implements powered by tractors.

Within an hour the delegation was on the Elvie Dreezsen farm of 240 acres not far from Ida Grove, being greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Dreezsen and stared at in friendly fashion by between 200 and 300 people who'd been waiting for more than an hour on the tree-shaded bluegrass lawn before a plain frame farmhouse with a TV aerial on its roof. Rude benches had been set up there beside long tables.

The Dreezsen farm is appropriately named "Rolling Acres," and, in co-operation with the Soil Conservation Service through his local conservation district, Dreezsen has imposed on its sloping fields what the SCS terms a "complete farm plan." This includes contour strip-cropping, terracing, the use of grassed waterways, and a cropping system whose rotations are carefully adapted to soil type and steepness of slope. All these things the Russians, touring the farm in a hayrack hitched to a tractor, viewed with close attention.

THE soil-saving terraces seemed particularly to interest Matskevich and Shevchenko. How long did it take to build them? Dreezsen replied that he put in a mile of them one autumn—40 rods of them in a day. How wide were they? Four steps across the channel, five down the backslope, replied Dreezsen. Were they hard to maintain? Not after you got the hang of it; when you plow in the fall, you always throw the soil up to the middle again. How far apart were they? The distance between them varied with steepness of slope, said Dreezsen; the steeper the slope, the closer together the terraces.

Back at the farmstead, the Russians inspected the livestock and chicken house. Then, in accordance with what by that time was "standard operating procedure" for such visits, the delegation was served doughnuts and iced coffee and iced tea, prepared by Mrs. Dreezsen and her neighbors and spread upon the long tables under the trees. The crowd pressed around asking friendly questions. The heat, for instance. Did it get this hot in Russia? Sometimes in some places, one of the visitors replied, but it was never as humid as this when the temperature went up to 100.

Another of the visitors was taken into the kitchen to view Mrs. Dreezsen's mixmaster, though she protested to Vladimir Prokofieff, one of the State Department interpreters, that hers was an old one, hardly fit to be seen. When they emerged, Mrs. Dreezsen, a small thin-faced woman, was asked if the Russian was "impressed."

"I don't know," she said, unsmilingly, shaking her head. "It's certainly hard to figure out what's getting through to them." And she frowned a little as she watched her guests a few yards away.

Four days before, when the Russians began a visit to Iowa State College at Ames, it had been discovered that, due to faulty interpretation (neither of the State Department interpreters had a technical agricultural background), much of the technical information was *not* getting through to the visitors. Since then, a Department of Agriculture interpreter had been flown out, and it was he who worked in Dreezsen's fields that morning.

Obviously, however, the language barrier was not what Mrs. Dreezsen had in mind.

"I'd certainly like to know what goes on in their heads," said she. "They seem so friendly and nice, but —I wonder."

Others have wondered too, but it can hardly be said that Mrs. Dreezsen's reactions are typical of those Iowans have made, these last two weeks. More nearly so was that of the farmer who painted on his barn, in huge letters, "Hello Comrade," to the great enjoyment of the delegation when it drove into the farmyard.

The Russians were followed the first few days by so many newspapermen, newsreel cameramen and radio people (more than 100 altogether) as to interfere with the purpose of the tour and provoke some (for him) acid remarks by Matskevich. Since then, as the number of correspondents dwindled, the Russians have visited dozens of farms of all kinds, attended many picnics, played baseball, practiced golf swings, attended church, toured packing plants and farm implement factories, and spent some days listening to lectures and touring laboratories and experimental fields at Iowa State. Everywhere they've been received and have responded with a friendliness almost as warm as the weather.

At the Floyd McComas farm near Osceola, for instance, where the thermometer registered 103 degrees in the shade at two in the afternoon, a crowd was gathered to greet the visitors on Thursday, July 28, despite the fact that the delegation arrived four hours late. There was much laughter on the bluegrass lawn where the Russians sat under shade trees as the farmer—a balding, rather tired-looking man in overalls—explained with the

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aid of a map the operation of his 400-acre farm. McComas marketed 300 hogs last year. What breed? Matskevich wanted to know. McComas explained he'd formerly raised Durocs but was now going into hybrids. What strains were in the hybrids? McComas couldn't say. He bought from a breeder who kept the "mixture" a trade secret. How much did he get for his hogs? Well, said McComas, he'd got a top of around $25 a hundredweight last year, but most of his hogs hadn't rated top prices, being too big when sent to market. This year he was getting only $17 top price.

"Why is that?" asked Matskevich. "Is it because they're too big?"

"No," replied McComas with a thin smile. "There just seem to be too many hogs in the country."

The crowd laughed—and laughed again when the interpreter said McComas had "80 acres of sheep," meaning 80 head. When Matskevich wanted to know what redtop is (a grass McComas uses in waterways), someone asked if there was not an agronomist in the crowd, whereupon Matskevich pointed to a babe in arms held by one of the onlookers, and said, "That's the only agronomist here."

Quips and laughter of the same sort enlivened the Russian visit to the Ralph Long farm at Mt. Ayr, later that afternoon. At both places the farm women served iced fruit drinks. At the Long place there was special excitement when the Russians sat on the porch and talked animatedly with Mrs. Victor Weddle (formerly Angelina Sorotchenko), a native Russian who met her husband, an American soldier, in Germany, where she'd been a Nazi prisoner. As they left, Matskevich gave Mrs. Long, as he's given his other hostesses, a "medal" or pin (on it is a design showing a man and woman holding aloft a sheaf of wheat) and a handsome book of photographs. The crowd waved delighted goodbyes as the bus pulled out.

But perhaps the most impressive demonstration of Iowa's eagerness to like and be liked by the Russians, to accept at face value the latter's friendly overtures, and to "let bygones be bygones," took place in Des Moines on the evening of July 27. The delegation stayed that night in the Hotel Fort Des Moines, which served simultaneously as headquarters for a state convention of the American Legion Auxiliary. Since most of these hundreds of super-patriotic ladies were strong supporters of Joe McCarthy just a year ago, one would have thought this juxtaposition had explosive possibilities. What it produced was an explosion of friendly curiosity. When their banquet program ended, scores of Legion ladies burst into the room in which the Russians were giving a supposedly private party intended to "pay back" those who'd facilitated the tour. The ladies were too late for the vodka, but their exuberance was more than a match for the vodka's after-effects as they pressed 'round the Russians to beg, and obtain, autographs.

One must add that such demonstrations, if heartwarming in some respects, raise a few doubts. He is not necessarily a cynic who, welcoming this spirit of friendship, wishes it had at its core a few more of the reservations which Mrs. Dreezsen tried to express—an awareness, at least, that these affable visitors are Communist Party members and that between Communist words and Communist deeds there have been, and yet remain, flat contradictions. Such State Department professionals as Prokofieff may be pardoned for wondering if *all* the effects of this Soviet tour are good, considered as influences on our foreign policy. A more knowledgeable hard-headedness than most Iowans (as typical Americans) seem to have displayed might have enhanced the value of the enterprise.

Even so, the value, most observers agree, is very great. That the Russian visitors have been impressed both by our material wealth and our people's desire to be friends, there can be no doubt, nor can one doubt that what they've seen here will have effects on their own agricultural technology. (Even as regards technology, however, the visitors have displayed a certain costly rigidity of mind. To interest them in grain sorghums, for instance, proved absolutely impossible, though these are better suited to much of Russia's climate and soil than corn is. Khrushchev is stressing corn, so corn-hog farming is what the visitors concentrated on.) Matskevich himself said frankly that he and his colleagues have learned much and that "some changes will be made" in consequence, though none affecting Russia's "basic system."

Nor has the flow of "education" been all one way. Symptomatic, perhaps, was a conversation this correspondent overheard at lunch in Ida Grove's Cozy Corner Cafe, on the day the Russians visited that area. The talk turned on economics, and the difficulty the Russians seemed to have in understanding our farm price system. One of the men remarked that Americans didn't understand it, either. Our problem, he went on, is one of surpluses; it may require for its solution more social controls and over-all economic planning than we've been accustomed to—an approach, in our own terms, to the "Russian Way." The Russian problem is one of scarcities, and may require for its solution a relaxation of controls and a greater emphasis on individual incentives—an approach to the "American Way."

"Could be we'll come closer together, as time goes by," the American concluded.

In any case, the visit has demonstrated that although Russians and Americans may not in our lifetime agree on definitions of "freedom" and "democracy," they certainly see much the same thing when they look at a terrace, a tractor, a field of hybrid corn. And surely this sameness of view provides a partial basis, at least, for a better mutual understanding than our two nations have had in the recent past.

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LAWYERS, PSYCHIATRISTS AND CRIME—III

Punishment or Cure

by Walter Goodman

Psychiatrists contend that the wrongdoer is sick; that he needs care, not punishment. They argue that prisons neither prevent crime nor help the criminal. Lawyers, even those who admit all this, defend traditional legal procedure—irrational though it may seem—as an expression of society's deepest needs. With this article, Mr. Goodman concludes his study.

In 1951 Elmo Roper asked 4,000 persons in Louisville, Kentucky, how they felt about psychiatry. Of all the professional groups represented, only the lawyers emerged as definitely suspicious of the psychiatrists. Nearly 25 percent of them favored punitive treatment for the juvenile delinquent; more than 40 percent voted against the proposition that it is worthwhile to obtain a psychiatrist's help when someone begins to act peculiarly; more than two-thirds of them favored secrecy about family mental illness. The lawyers were more distrustful of mental hospitals than the rest of Louisville and more dubious about the experts' ability to agree on a diagnosis.

All of which indicates that the legal profession is not likely to put its seal of approval on psychoanalyst Benjamin Karpman's vision of courts ruled over by psychiatrists and prisons guarded by nurses. Just as a doctor has a tendency to treat every criminal as a patient, so the lawyer is apt to think of him as a defendant up for justice; the expert witness in this scheme of things becomes an impertinent obstruction in the course of due process.

Such seems to have been the case since doctors first began impinging on the lawyers' home ground. The Saxon Criminal Code of 1572 dismissed Johannes Weyer's explanation of why witches acted the way they did as not worth considering "since he is a physician and not a jurist." More than 100 years ago, an English court ruled: "Hardly any weight is to be given to the evidence of what are called scientific witnesses. They come with a bias on their minds to support the cause in which they are embarked." And a Pennsylvania court warned in 1884 that juries "should not indulge in impracticable theories, often subtle and to the ordinary mind incomprehensible, which lead to the acquittal of the guilty and to the final destruction of that security which society demands."

Part of the lawyers' suspicion of the forensic psychiatrist—besides a normal proprietary feeling about the law courts—stems from the latter's availability and from his pretensions. In 1665 Sir Thomas Browne, England's most distinguished physician, testified that "he was clearly of the opinion" that three old women on trial as witches were indeed "bewitched." The three old women were executed. Lawyers note with regret that Sir Thomas' experience does not seem to have had a cautionary effect on his professional descendants over the past 20 years. They continue to appear and make their large judgments: "Analysis disclosed that the individual's criminality was partly an expression of hostility and partly an aggressive compensation for ego inferiority resulting from drastic maternal rejection." Such capsule analyses come a bit thick to the lawyers when, as in this instance, the psychiatrist was describing a common thief.

Apparently all that a defendant needs to get so impressive a statement of what drove him to crime is enough money to pay for it. The psychiatrist who appears for a fee—sometimes a fee which is contingent on the outcome of the case—seems to many lawyers more like an advocate than an advisor. An Assistant District Attorney in Philadelphia expressed himself bluntly on this point: "I don't put much credence in half the psychiatrists. They're for sale. They'll testify for whoever pays them. It's too easy to escape justly due punishment by getting psychiatrists to come in and tell fortunes."

Very often both sides are able to buy the services of psychiatrists who are willing to testify in acceptable ways. The resulting battles of the experts can hardly inspire confidence among those who must witness them repeatedly. The lawyers remember an 1884 suit over a smallpox hospital in England, when two sets of experts engaged in violent disagreement as to the quantity of air which the "particles" from the patients could poison; one group testified that 50 yards or less was a safe distance away, while the other warned that any place under 2.5 miles might prove fatal.

And which expert is the jury to heed when both speak in their own peculiar tongue? Both are likely to have been chosen more for their effectiveness on the witness

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stand than in the clinic; both will try to sound authoritative and convincing. Will not the quack who lives by plausibility alone prove more convincing to the average juryman than the scientists whose testimony is snarled in "ifs" and "buts"?

The disagreements of even presumably impartial experts are often enough to bewilder the most sympathetic lawyer. In January, 1948, for instance, James Colbert Smith, a 23-year-old Philadelphian, killed a cab driver. In the spring of 1945 Smith had been diagnosed as insane by a Brooklyn psychiatrist. In September of that year three of four physicians at a Brooklyn hospital ruled him too sick to be discharged. Eighteen days later the head of the hospital pronounced him recovered and he was let free. At his trial in the fall of 1948 an eminent Philadelphia psychiatrist called Smith a "faker" and an "exhibitionist" and declared him sane. On his appeal, two equally prominent experts agreed that he was insane. One of them said he had been a psychotic for at least 10 years.

What are the poor lawyers to make of all this? Professor Jerome Michael of Columbia Law School complains that they don't make very much of it. "They do not understand how scientists can differ so radically among themselves about matters of science, and they are forced to conclude either that those who disagree are not scientists, or that about which they disagree is not science, but rather opinions of greater or lesser validity."

The lawyers' objections to the interference of the psychiatrists do not end here by any means. Even if one grants that expert witnesses have as much right to disagree as expert judges, one may still find the psychiatrists' treatment of the criminal neither sensible nor humane. Some lawyers take particular exception to the psychiatrists' presumption that they represent the vanguard of contemporary humanism. "To us," they seem to be saying, "the criminal is a soul who can be saved; to you crass lawyers he is a body that must be incarcerated." Well, the lawyers concede that mental institutions are no longer Bedlams, yet some of them cannot resist pointing out some odd methods these contemporary humanitarians have of saving souls.

One favorite method is shock therapy. No one has devised an adequate theory to explain the therapeutic value of passing a charge of electricity through an individual's skull or injecting a dose of insulin into him, but, say the psychiatrists, it seems to work. For a long time men believed that beating a criminal with chains had considerable therapeutic value, too; the theory behind this was simply that the fellow would be frightened out of his evil ways. Shock treatment has been described by one man who underwent it as being "roasted alive in a white hot furnace." He said the shock rose "to an ache of indescribable fear and terror." Is the mere sanction of a psychiatrist enough to envelop this "treatment" in an aura of enlightened humanity denied to the treatment by chain?

A District of Columbia man, arrested for taking indecent liberties with a child, was confined in Howard Hall, the criminal insane building of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. There, in addition to being subjected to shock treatment, he was assaulted by violent inmates. His lawyer took his case to court, contending that this was cruel and unusual punishment and that standards of release from the institution were vague.

The Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia ruled on the case in 1953, saying: "The incarceration of this petitioner in a place maintained for the confinement of the violent, criminal hopeless insane, instead of in a place designed and operated for the treatment of the mentally ill is not authorized by statute." It was thus necessary for the unenlightened court to defend the inmate from the humane psychiatrists.

It appears from this case that the black-white contrast the psychiatrist paints between the prison and the mental institution does not extend to the ward for the criminally insane. How different really is the rest of the mental hospital from the ordinary jail? Not very, says District of Columbia attorney Edward DeGrazia, one of the most vehement critics of the psychiatrists. In both institutions a man is deprived of many liberties and much freedom; in both places he is deprived of the society of the opposite sex; in both he becomes the object of community fear and distrust.

THE REAL difference between the prison and the mental institution, some skeptical lawyers point out, is that a criminal is sentenced to prison by a jury for a definite term set by the court. On the other hand, in half the states, a man may be confined temporarily in an institution on the ruling of a simple medical certificate. And here is what Dr. Karpman proposes to substitute for the set sentence—*habeas corpus* to the contrary notwithstanding:

> Just as public health would not release, but indeed quarantine, a typhoid carrier, even though the individual is wholly ignorant of the danger he carries, so would psychiatry insist that the individual offender be confined in a hospital indefinitely until cured, even if the criminal offense be a minor one.

In other words, a man could be confined for life in a mental institution on the *suspicion* of one or two or three psychiatrists that, if released, he might repeat a relatively minor offense. In 12 states and the District of Columbia sexual offenders may already be committed for as long as "necessary" without even being tried. Wisconsin doesn't even require that a charge be brought against such persons. Are a man's rights to fair and speedy trial to be abrogated in certain instances on a declaration of martial law by a psychiatrist?

It is not surprising, say the lawyers, that psychiatrists show such affection for lengthy confinement. An indefinite stay in an institution for a suspected character saves the experts the embarrassment of having one of their re-

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leased patients run amuck—like Harold Unruh, who terrorized a New Jersey town one afternoon or John Richard Jensen who, after spending 12 years in mental institutions, tried to kill an unknown hitch-hiker. Said Jensen: "I think I should go to San Quentin. The state hospital couldn't do me any good."

Of course, these are exceptional cases, but they are of the spectacular variety that make the headlines. They excite public and jurists both. A New York judge trying the case of a former mental patient who killed a Columbia University office worker in 1952 burst out that "thousands of dangerous maniacs are released in utter disregard of the safety of the public" and that "it is better to confine a hundred potentially dangerous psychotics than to suffer the death of one innocent victim at the hands of a lunatic." Such criticism, intemperate and unfounded though it may be, puts strong pressure on the hospital administrators to play it safe. The surest way to do this is by keeping men confined for as long as possible, perhaps for life. Then authorities like Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, chief medical officer of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, can assure the public that "the truth of the matter is that the finding 'not guilty by reason of insanity' has not resulted in the premature release of offenders into the community." Dr. Guttmacher contends that the criterion for an inmate's release should be simply whether he is of danger to himself and to others. This is an extremely broad criterion. Is it wise, some lawyers ask, to give such latitude to men whose interests are undeniably served by keeping people in their institutions?

Attorney de Grazia sums up these arguments in a burst of sarcasm:

> I would now concede that a system of treatment may as effectually deter criminality as a system of penalties. I concede that the prospect of possible life imprisonment in a mental institution, whether among maniacs or not, may as effectually deter as the prospect of 10 years in prison. I concede also that the fear of shock therapy may be at least as effective a deterrent as the fear of prison guards. I concede that the community's fear and disgust for the insane may be as great and as powerful a deterrent as the community's fear and distrust of a criminal. I concede that the psychiatrist's hand may prove as fearful as the jurist's ever was. I concede finally that the psychiatric movement may lead to the punishment and deterrence not only of crime but of any behavior found offensive to a community too guilty or hypocritical otherwise to make that behavior criminal.

But even if all psychiatrists were always right, even if they were not subject, like lesser men, to public pressures, would Dr. Karpman's vision of a penal process ruled over by these demigods be a sensible disposition of social resources? Certainly at present there are too many psychiatrists on Park Avenue and not enough anywhere else, but, the lawyers ask, do we really want them all in the prisons, dealing with men who may already be committed to asocial behavior? Instead of trying to reform parasites, shouldn't we be trying to save people from *becoming* parasites? Shouldn't our limited supply of public-spirited psychiatrists be directed rather to the schools and to the factories, leaving the criminal to the Law, to Justice?

The essential obligation of the Law—and the crusading psychiatrist does not always remember this—is to society, not to the criminal. As Judge Thurman Arnold has pointed out, the courts are not efficient ways of settling disputes. Their procedure is ridden with technicalities; administrative tribunals are far more efficient, and good lawyers have always tried to keep their clients out of court. But neither the administrative tribunal nor the out-of-court settlement can provide the symbolic value of the public trial. All the paraphernalia of the judicial process is designed to assure society that the law is being enforced and that the dignity of the individual is receiving its due.

THE courtroom provides a stirring series of dramatic parables of Right Triumphant. What if the jury is emotional, ignorant, prejudiced, unpredictable, so long as it serves as a great symbol of democratic justice—12 ordinary men passing on a peer? What if science and logic call for the criminal to be treated, not sentenced, when, in a trial, the public can see the lowliest man raised to equality with the highest before the bar of justice? The trial may be an affront to the humanitarian concepts of the reformers; it may frustrate practical-minded policemen; it may irritate professors of logic. But for the public it constitutes a source of continuing assurance that the conflicting ideas of public morality are being resolved in the best of all possible ways.

Judges—even the most liberal of them, men who are personally convinced that environment and mental illness deserve the stigma of evil we now stamp on the criminal—have long recognized this function of the courts. Justice Holmes wrote, in a letter to Harold Laski:

> If I were having a philosophical talk with a man I was going to have hanged [or electrocuted], I should say: I don't doubt that your act was inevitable for you but to make it more avoidable by others we propose to sacrifice you to the common good. You may regard yourself as a soldier dying for your country if you like. But the law must keep its promises.

The law must keep its promises in order to deter "good" men and women from emulating their criminal cousins. When criminals were considered a group apart, this was easy. But the psychiatrists have spread the knowledge of how like the criminals we non-criminals really are, with the same drives, the same needs: "There but for the grace of a strong super-ego. . . ." And so the good citizen must look to Justice to be reassured that he is better off being honest. His reasoning runs something like this: "What I do not allow myself must not be allowed others; if others are not called upon to pay for their violations of the law, then I shall not abide by my self-imposed restrictions." The bargain must be kept.

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Paradoxically, the strongest demand for trial and punishment comes from those who fear that they themselves may some day commit a crime. As one psychiatrist has pointed out: ". . . the underworld and its official prosecutors show not infrequently a sort of subterranean affinity." One course for the man who has failed to assimilate his anti-social tendencies is to express them directly as a criminal; a close second is to let them out in zealous demands for punishment of those who are doing the things that he would like to be doing. These people cry for the punishment of others that they themselves may be saved.

The mere existence of a hardened lawbreaker is living proof to the citizen—and particularly to the citizen who feels himself in danger of falling—that it is possible to express his aggressive drives directly; a repenting sinner, on the other hand—like the reformed Communist in America or the confessed non-conformist in the USSR—is a help in the struggle against one's own "bad" impulses. Therefore, the unrepentant chronic criminal must be punished with particular severity, as an act of self-defense. But the reformed person, the man who has gone astray and returned to announce that his fling was a disastrous mistake, may be taken to the bosom of respectable society. The Prodigal returned is the best-loved son. In either case, the court trial, like a gladiator encounter or a bull fight, is a public performance in which a righteous community lives out its aggressions in an acceptable manner. It relieves every onlooker of some of the aggressive hostility he must otherwise repress.

Ironically, the same science that has taught the world to understand the criminal has also provided a glimpse of the world's need to hate him. Some jurists saw this even before the psychiatrists: Chief Justice Stephen, the eminent 19th Century British expert on criminal law wrote:

> I think it highly desirable that criminals should be hated, that the punishments inflicted upon them should be so contrived as to give expression to that hatred and to justify it so far as the public provision of means for expressing and gratifying a healthy natural sentiment can justify and encourage it. [And again:] The criminal law stands to the passion of revenge as marriage to the sexual appetite.

So the judicial process performs a three-fold psychological function. It permits society to retaliate against the transgressor, who has, by his example, tempted others to transgress. It permits the members of the community to compensate for a lifetime of frustration by venting their aggressive drives against an acceptable villain. And thirdly, it expiates the crime, for which moral responsibility must be assumed if men are to operate under law. Society requires, for its own survival, that the criminal be considered evil and that the evil person be punished.

The psychiatrist who has himself given new, deep significance to these concepts of expiation, compensation and retaliation, now proposes that we understand the criminal rather than punish him. "Think of crime as a neurosis and cure the neurosis," he advises, and, if his analysis of what makes the criminal is correct, the advice is unexceptionable. But, ask the lawyers who have learned so much from the psychiatrists, who then will remain to be punished?

The medieval devil is only a caricature now; witches ride no more; it is not in acceptable contemporary taste to abuse Jews or Negroes. Against whom will society direct its repressed aggression if its last scapegoat, the criminal, is transformed into a poor, sick person? Will the judge still represent justice, impartial and implacable, if he becomes only a voice of an "expert"? Will the jury still retain any value as a judgment-passing microcosm of the community if we so contract its area of retribution?

Certainly men have given up other scapegoats—witches and Jews and Jesuits—and have managed to get along without them. But they have paid for this "advance" in psychic currency, in increased repressions, and widespread neurosis. Many studies by modern anthropologists and psychologists indicate that mental disorders are likely to occur with greater frequency among these culturally "advanced" groups. One suggested reason is that the guilts capable of direct expression in primitive societies weigh heavily on the more sophisticated individuals, sometimes so heavily that the mind cannot bear them.

In their book, *The Criminal, The Judge, and the Public,* Franz Alexander, a psychoanalyst, and Hugo Staub, a lawyer, conclude:

> Only when the community, in its dealings with the criminal, will become ready to give up the gratification of those affects which demand expiation, retaliation and compensation for the socially inhibited sadism, only then will our sense of justice find itself in harmony with a purely rational and scientifically sound treatment of the lawbreaker.

Perhaps this is a feasible goal. Perhaps education can adjust people to a new kind of law, guided by the psychiatrists, aimed at cure, not punishment; perhaps we will all become better people, who do not need to be deterred from crime by the example of others; and perhaps our aggression can be turned against abstractions—cruelty and greed—rather than against the persons who embody them. Indeed, perhaps some day men will no longer suffer from frustrations or from guilt and will no longer need to seek out scapegoats.

Perhaps. But perhaps not. For now, the best solution must be one that will retain our court procedure and retain our prisons, yet that will in some way combine the socially indispensable punishment with the psychiatrists' knowledge and help. This may never become a truly amicable alliance, but the hope is that when the frost melts between the psychiatrists and the lawyers and their ideas flow into one another, both society and the individual will be better served.

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The Superficial Aspect

Morals for Gentlemen

Senator Bender (R, Ohio) commenting on the Talbott case, was quoted as saying that Talbott's resignation

> will serve notice that in President Eisenhower's Administration we shall never have a repetition of the scandals which marked his predecessor's regime.

Senator Bender is obviously right. In that predecessor's regime it was a scandal when a stenographer through her official position acquired a mink coat said to have cost $6,500. When a Secretary of the Air Force uses his official position to assure himself an income of some $50,000 a year, it is certainly not a repetition of the previous scandal; there is a difference of $43,500, which is a very considerable difference.

Nor is that all. There is also a very considerable difference between a stenographer and a Secretary of the Air Force. Chiseling by stenographers and clerks and office-boys is not exactly the same thing as chiseling by an official just below Cabinet rank.

Shortly after his inauguration President Eisenhower was quoted as asserting that his Administration had raised the moral tone of Washington. At the time there were those to whom that remark seemed to have all the shrinking modesty of a steam calliope and the scrupulous fairness of a three-card monte dealer; but subsequent events suggest that it may be true. Perquisites of office and influence-peddling certainly involve moral questions. When the perquisites go from $6,500 to $50,000 that is certainly a raise; and when the use of influence goes from a former Greek bootblack to a member of the sub-Cabinet, most people consider that, too, a raise. There has been a change, all right, but doubt remains as to whether it is the morality or the immorality of Washington that has become extremely high-toned.

Mr. Talbott did not break the law. Upon that point the one-party press has been clamorously, even deafeningly, insistent and no doubt with justice. But neither did the stenographer break the law, nor that assistant attorney-general who was taken on expensive week-ends when Mr. Truman was President. What they did was not criminal, it was merely cheap and nasty, and apparently it was that only because they were very small officials very far down the line. When a Secretary of the Air Force does it, it is merely a gentlemanly error of judgment. At most the accused should be permitted to retire gracefully, kissed on both cheeks by the President and kissed rapturously elsewhere by the one-party press.

Prior to the Mulligan incident (how curious it is that fate seems to attach a sinister significance to that name in American politics; it was to a Mulligan that James G. Blaine sent the communication that in the Cleveland campaign gave rise to the marching chant:

> Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine,
> The continental liar from the State of Maine!
> *Burn this letter*!)

Mr. Talbott's chief claim to fame was an interview in which he gave newspaper reporters the impression that he favored depositing atomic weapons in Spain, within easy reach of Franco, the totalitarian dictator. That impression had to be sharply corrected by the Administration, but Mr. Talbott was not publicly reprimanded then, nor is he reprimanded now. Perhaps the Eisenhower Administration has raised the moral tone so high that a man who can make $50,000 a year outside of his official salary is above reprimands.

Clearly, we are making progress, although in which direction may be open to question. To some it seems that we have arrived at 1885, for it was in that year that the Hon. Timothy Campbell is said to have caused some lifting of the eyebrows by asking what was to him a strictly rhetorical question. "What's the Constitution among friends?" asked the Honorable Tim and, like jesting Pilate, would not stay for an answer because he saw no occasion for staying.

There is little doubt that the gentleman from New York, if he might return to his ancient haunts, would find the atmosphere of Washington more congenial today than he would have found it at any time in the past 60 years, except, perhaps, during the Harding Administration. What's a little misuse of official position for private profit among friends? Stenographers and office boys must be kept strictly honest, to be sure, or civilization will be undermined; but has it come to the point at which a gentleman is to be blamed for picking up a few hundred thousand by aid of his official position?

Anyone who says yes is obviously no friend of the Eisenhower Administration. He is definitely a low fellow who would subvert the ethical doctrine of 1885 as expressed in the apothegm, "Steal a milk-bottle and go to jail; steal a railroad and go to the Senate." There have always been persons unable to appreciate the moral beauty of that philosophy, but why should friends of the Eisenhower Administration worry about them? They are probably Democrats, or if not actual party members at least associates of Democrats. Let gentlemen ignore them and continue to grab while the moral tone is so elevated that the getting is good, indeed, better than it has been for many a year.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

RE-ASSESSMENT: 1955

"As Free as Any Cretur..."

by Leslie A. Fiedler

THE most extraordinary book in American literature unfortunately has not survived as a whole; but its scraps and fragments are to be found scattered through the work of Mark Twain: a cynical comment ascribed to a small-town lawyer and never printed, the wreck of a comic tale framed by apologies and bad jokes, and finally the *Pudd'nhead Wilson* that has come down to us, half melodramatic detective story, half bleak tragedy. What a book the original might have been, before *Those Extraordinary Twins* was detached and Pudd'nhead's *Calendar* expurgated—a rollicking, atrocious melange of bad taste and half-understood intentions and nearly intolerable insights into evil, translated into a nightmare worthy of America.

All that the surrealists were later to yearn for and in their learned way simulate, Twain had stumbled on without quite knowing it. And as always (except in *Huckleberry Finn*) he paid the price for his lack of self-awareness; he fumbled the really great and monstrous poem on duplicity that was within his grasp. The principle of analogy which suggested to him linking the story of the Siamese Twins, one a teetotaler, the other a drunk, Jekyll and Hyde inside a single burlesque skin—to a tale of a Negro and white baby switched in the cradle finally seemed to him insufficient. He began to worry about broken plot lines and abandoned characters, about the too steep contrast between farce and horror; and he lost his nerve—that colossal gall which was his essential strength as well as his curse. Down the well went the burlesque supernumeraries and finally out of the story; and the poor separated twins remain to haunt a novel which is no longer theirs.

But something in Twain must have resisted the excisions; certainly they were made with a striking lack of conviction, and the resulting book is marred by incomprehensible motivations and gags that have lost their point with the unjoining of the once Siamese twins. The two stories were, after all, one, and the old book a living unity that could not be split without irreparable harm.

Yet *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is, after all, a fantastically good book, better than Mark Twain knew or his critics have deserved. Morally, it is one of the most honest books in our literature, superior in this one respect to *Huckleberry Finn*; for here Twain permits himself no sentimental relenting, but accepts for once the logic of his own premises. The immoral device of Tom's revelation, the fake "happy ending" of *Huck* are avoided in *Pudd'nhead*. It is a book which deals not only with the public issue of slavery, after all, long resolved—but with the still risky private matter of miscegenation, which most of our writers have chosen to avoid; and it creates in Roxy, the scared mulatto mother sold down the river by the son she has smuggled into white respectability, a creature of passion and despair rare among the wooden images of virtue or bitchery that pass for females in American literature. It is a portrait so complex and unforeseen that the baffled illustrator for the authorized standard edition chose to ignore it completely, drawing in the place of a "majestic . . . rosy . . . comely" Roxana—a gross and comic Aunt Jemima.

The scenes between this mother and her unregenerate son, who passes from insolence and cowardice to robbery and murder, and who ends slobbering at the feet of the woman he despises and plots to sell, have the cruelty and magnificence attained only by a great writer telling us a truth we cannot afford to face in a language we cannot afford to forget. It is a book which will be, I am sure, more and more read; certainly it is hard to believe that so rare a combination of wit and the metaphysical shudder will be considered forever of the second rank. Beside this book, *The Mysterious Stranger*, for the last several years a favorite of the writers on Twain, is revealed as the callow and contrived piece of cynicism it is: the best a cultureless man can do when he chooses to "philosophize" rather than dream.

Perhaps the best way to understand *Pudd'nhead* is to read it as a complement to *Huckleberry Finn*, a dark mirror image of the world evoked in the earlier work. Nearly ten years come between the two books, ten years in which guilt and terror had passed from the periphery of Twain's life and imagination to their center. *Huckleberry Finn* also is steeped in horror, to be sure; but it is easier to know this than to feel it. Though the main fable of the earlier book begins with a boy standing off with a rifle, his father gone beserk with the D.T.'s and ends with the revelation of that father's death in a seedy and flooded room scrawled with obscenities, it has so poetic a texture, so genuine though unmotivated a tone of joy—that one finds himself eternally doubting his own sense of its terrible import. In *Pudd'nhead*, however, the lyricism and the euphoria are gone; we have fallen to a world of prose, and there are no triumphs of Twain's rhetoric to preserve us from the revealed failures of our own humanity.

TRUE enough, there is humor in the later book, but on a level of grotesquerie that is more violent and appalling than anything avowedly serious. It is the humor of Dickens' Quilp and Faulkner's idiot Snopes, the humor of the freak. In the chamber of horrors of our recent fiction, the deformed and dwarfed and dumb have come to stand as symbols of our common plight, the failure of everyone to attain a purely fictional norm. Toward this insight, Twain was fumbling almost without awareness, believing all along that he was merely trying to take the curse off of a bitterness he could not utterly repress by being what he liked to think was "funny."

Just as the grotesque in *Puddn'head* tends to break free from the humorous, so the tragic struggles to shed the nostalgic which swathes it still in *Huckleberry Finn*. In the earlier book, it is possible to believe that the flight toward freedom and childhood is more than a flight to-

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ward isolation and death. There is always waiting in a bend of the river Aunt Sally's homestead: a utopia of childhood visits and Southern homecooking. But Huck rejected this nostalgic Southland at the end of his own book, and in *Tom Sawyer, Detective*, Twain had introduced death and the threat of madness into that Eden itself.

By the time he was attempting to detach *Pudd'nhead* from the wreck of his larger book, Twain had decided that the only unthreatened utopia is death itself; and amid the animal jokes and easy cynicism of the Calendar quotations set at the head of each chapter, rings the sybil's cry: *Let me die*: "Whoever has lived long enough to know what life is knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world." When he writes this, Twain no longer finds in freedom the pat happy ending waiting to extricate his characters from their moral dilemmas and himself from the difficulties of plotting. He does not abandon the theme of liberty, but renders now the full treacherous paradox, only half of which he had acknowledged earlier.

Everyone remembers the climax of *Huckleberry Finn*, at which Tom, "his eye hot, and his nostrils opening and shutting like gills," cries out of Jim: "They hain't no *right* to shut him up. . . . Turn him loose! He ain't no slave; he's as free as any cretur that walks this earth!" As free as any cretur . . . the wry joke is there already, but Twain can no more see it than can Tom; and we are not permitted to see it as readers as long as we remain within the spell of the book. But in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, the protagonist, who is obviously Tom himself grown older and an outcast but about to be reinstated into the community, rises to answer his own earlier cry, in such a situation as he has always dreamed: "Valet de Chambre, Negro and slave . . . make upon the window the finger-prints that will hang you!" The double truth is complete: the seeming slave is free, but the free man is really a slave.

The resolution of *Pudd'nhead* is, of course, double; and the revelation which brands the presumed Thomas à Becket Driscoll a slave, declares the presumed Valet de Chambre free. We are intended, however, to feel the "curious fate" of the latter as anything but fortunate; neither black nor white, he is excluded by long conditioning from the world of the free, and barred from the "solacing refuge" of the slave kitchens by the fact of his legal whiteness. Really, his is, as Twain himself remarks, quite another story; what is symbolically important is the deposition of Thomas à Becket—and the meaning of this Twain makes explicit in one of the final jottings in his journal, "The skin of every human being contains a slave." We know at last in what bitter sense Tom's earlier boast is true: "As free as any cretur . . . "

The concluding part of Mr. Fiedler's Re-assessment will appear next week.

Culture at Cut Rates

by Charles Angoff

THERE is something sad about this book. It is a collection of reviews, articles, and introductions to books by such writers as E. B. White, Sinclair Lewis, Ambrose Bierce, and Tolstoy, embroidered with "assortments" and excerpts from the notebooks kept by a man who has been brilliant as a reviewer and essayist and introducer (on the printed page, on the radio, and on television) for almost 30 years. His book column in the *New Yorker* was admired for some 10 years, and his nimble moderating of the radio-TV program, "Information Please," was highly esteemed and gravely discussed by millions of men and women who thought they were enriching their cultural resources by listening to him and his "experts." Everybody knew Kip Fadiman, everybody had read him somewhere or other, everybody had heard him or seen him moderating some program or presiding at some function, generally an intellectual one. For thirty years he was Somebody, and then he was made a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and he became Really Somebody in the eyes of many. People knew he was important, but hardly anybody could recall anything important he had written or said. Alas, after reading this book—it is Fadiman's first and it is really not a book, but largely a paste-up job—one still can't recall anything of his that is important.

Party Of One, the Selected Writings of Clifton Fadiman (World; $5).

But there is a great deal that is lively. While he has no style in any serious sense, he does have facility, he can concoct a gag as well as any Broadway columnist. He is obviously well read in certain areas of fiction, and his literary instincts are sometimes laudable. He has critical courage. He has refused to be taken in by the huzzahs for the work of William Faulkner; time after time he has labeled the Mississippian a pulp writer and a manufacturer of penny dreadfuls—and there may well be much truth in this judgment. He has kept his head in the presence of Eugene O'Neill's reputation, maintaining that Thornton Wilder is O'Neill's superior and "*Our Town* . . . will some day be ranked as the finest American play yet written."

But more often, unfortunately, he is merely enthusiastic or bizarre or strangely unperceptive. He is a man of unsteady and simple tastes. Apparently Edmund Wilson and John Mason Brown belong to the same company, in his eyes, which is like saying that Mozart and Bizet are on the same plane as composers. He says that Dickens and Sinclair Lewis are "startlingly alike." And he thinks that John Gunther, the man who has got inside so many countries and peoples and revealed so little about them, has the abilities of a James Boswell.

A popularizer of culture—or a middleman of culture, as Fadiman prefers to call himself—is naturally subject to the hazards of that occupation, which is always tending to cheapen one's tastes. Some popularizers — Gilbert Highet comes to mind at once—hold to their standards for a long time; others haven't got the spiritual stamina to do so. Fadiman belongs to this latter group, and it is a very large group—and its very largeness makes it difficult to single out any one for condemnation. Most every man, it has been said, can be bought. Well, a great many men can also be cheapened—first, a little bit, then a little bit more, then still more . . . and then you begin saying that Abner Dean belongs to the realm of "true scientists, educators, and philosophers," and Ogden Nash is so

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great a benefactor of mankind that "during some appropriately merry month of May" he should be "Pulitsurprised." Thirty years ago, twenty years ago, Fadiman would probably have been shocked by such judgments. Perhaps, in his deepest unconscious he still is shocked. But "one must live." He admits to being not much of a writer or a scholar. He looks upon himself as "a kind of pitchman-professor, selling ideas, often other men's ideas, at marked-down figures, which are easier to pay than the full price of complete intellectual concentration."

The arresting and depressing phrase is "marked-down figures." It describes a whole era in American culture. But before discussing this era one must point out that as a salesman of culture at "marked-down figures" Fadiman is well above many of his colleagues. The mechanical chuckle and the electrified cliché that for the moment sound profound are beginning to creep into his talks, but there are still many things he won't do. Fadiman is an amateur radical, as Broun was, but he is better informed and there is enough of intellectual integrity in him to keep him from falling for the fraudulent paradise of any policeman's state. This integrity—and he has a good deal of it hidden in some secret vault of his soul—also protects him from becoming a Ben Hecht, who at the end of nearly fifty years of writing and thinking has come to the conclusion that Westbrook Pegler is one of the "brightest of the prose lighthouses" of our time. And Fadiman probably will never become quite as offensively cute as Alexander Woolcott was.

And yet, in so far as his general work is concerned, Fadiman belongs with Woolcott and Hecht and Broun. It is a new profession in America. Toward the end of the second decade of this century a change took place. College education had become popular, and also, one regrets to say, somewhat diluted. College men and women began to find less to interest them in the quality periodicals, yet they had sufficient respect for ideas and superior values to want to continue some contact with the better printed word and with better entertainment than that in which the submerged group found satisfaction.

The better magazines began to "lighten up" their contents with more "human interest features" that "revealed" how some eminent personality "ticked" rather than what the nature of his ideas were, if he had any. Soon the old *Scribners* stopped publishing Joseph Pennell's superb articles with his superb illustrations and began to print profiles of Jack Benny. Magazines that formerly asked Viscount Bryce and Woodrow Wilson and others of their calibre to write essays on world affairs began to ask Raymond Gram Swing and John Gunther and others to write such essays. But even this didn't help, for *Scribners* soon folded, and the *Independent* folded and the *Outlook* folded and the *Century* folded and the *Forum* folded, and even the *Review of Reviews* and the *World's Work*, which were among the most journalistic of this group, folded. Of course new magazines have come in to take the places of those that died but who is willing to maintain, in all sobriety, that *Time* and *Newsweek* and *Life* and *Holiday* and *Fortune* adequately replace the old *Century* or the *Bookman* or the *Forum*? It is also true that more people read the new magazines than read the older magazines. Hence, it is possible that more people know more about the world than did people of two or three decades ago. But how much of what these people know is true?

In the realm of criticism, many of our literary mentors have become little more than cheer leaders, and the Book-of-the-Month Club and similar enterprises are hardly more than mass cheering sections. Perhaps, thanks to these cheer leaders, and Fadiman is one of them, more books are now being read than ever before in our history. But what kind of books? In the twenties, hundreds of thousands of the new crop of college-educated folk read *The Story of Philosophy*, a shabby job of popularization; now millions read *The Power of Positive Thinking*, a hundred-fold shabbier performance.

The Fadimans and the Woolcotts before him are not to blame. What has happened, happened outside themselves, so to speak. As a matter of fact, they are in many respects the victims of what has happened. It almost seems that whoever gets involved in this stream of vulgarization gets damaged in one way or another. Even so fine a writer as Louis Kronenberger is beginning to show the effects of writing *Timese,* so that his books—and they are generally very good, indeed—are spotted with offensive attempts at what the Luce metaphysicians call "brightness." Within the entertainment industry itself—and what the new mass educated public wants most now is entertainment, somewhat cultured, of course, but it must entertain. Quality soon finds itself struggling with forces tending to lower it. One of the brightest and freshest comic talents to appear in contemporary America was Sam Levinson. He was a marvelous combination of Peter Finley Dunne and Sholom Aleichem; he blended nostalgia with insight, warmth with perception. At first there flowed out of him magnificent patter about his home life when he was a boy, and all who heard him saw in his early home life their own home lives, their own hopes and regrets and dreams and glories. But this magnificent patter didn't last long . . . slowly something alien began to creep into it, something gaggy and mechanical . . . and bits of George Jessel's and Eddie Cantor's meretricious humor began to come from Sam Levinson . . . and then he could barely be distinguished from them.

Of course, there are many happy developments as the result of the increase in the educated population. There are more lecture series and more little theatres and more symphony orchestras than have ever been before in the United States. And even on the radio and television there are good programs: Arthur Godfrey embarrasses the air waves, but Edward R. Murrow is cause for gratitude, and if there has been an increase in soap operas and frightening murder mysteries, there are also such programs as "Omnibus" and the Paddy Chayevsky television plays and Lyman Bryson's superb program, "Invitation to Learning." It cannot be denied, however, that the general trend is downward . . . good programs spring into being, struggle for a while, and then pass out, or they are superseded by "livelier" intellectual programs.

It may come as a surprise to many in Fadiman's audience that he thinks that "most radio and television fare offers . . . little," also that "we live in a world whose connection with reality is of the frailest," and that he looks upon his work as an M.C. as a profession "which in my more melancholy moments I range about midway between that of the bubblegum chewer and that of the bathroom baritone." But Kip's fans don't have to worry. He solved his moral problem long ago with the philosophy that "one must live."

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The Artful Translation of Classics

by Dudley Fitts

All of us who have anything to do with classical studies know the Unbeliever. We have wry reason to, since what he disbelieves in is ourselves. He isn't offensive about it; indeed, he will admit, for the purposes of no argument, that Greek drama—since that is our concern here—was a laudable phenomenon, even edifying if you were a Greek or are a Scholar; but Thanks, no. Possibly there was communication once; he can find none now, or very little—

Four Tragedies of Euripides, edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore (Chicago; clothbound, $3.75; paperbound, $1.75).

enough, say, to interest him in a fashionable performance of *Oedipus Rex* or *Antigonê* or *Medea,* but hardly enough to make him want to investigate the plays for himself. He has tried, and they bore him.

He is wrong, of course; or we think he is wrong, which is the same thing. Yet if we can forget the Greek text and approach the plays as he is forced to, we should be able to sympathize at least with his boredom. Until fairly recently, say within the last twenty years or so, he has scarcely had a chance to know that the plays are readable, let alone sayable and actable. Translation, his only medium of contact, has been the preserve of scholarly jargonists and Beauty-struck poetasters. The best translations—Jebb's, for instance—have been learned exercises in a no-language that was never intended to leave the printed page. The most popular, but contemptible from any point of view, have been the pseudo-lyric dilutions of Murray. It is encouraging, therefore, that the Chicago series and a scattering of isolated translations over the last quarter-century —translations of an experimental kind which reject the cliché gestures of tradition—are not only coming to the rescue, but are being warmly and gratefully received. This volume of Euripides is very much to the point. It violates the tradition in every respect except that of responsible scholarship. It is credible, even persuasive. It treats the plays as plays, not as museum exhibits. It would have been unthinkable a generation ago.

This kind of translation is art, not hack-work or condescending popularization. The translator is a dramatist, an employer, in Archibald MacLeish's phrase, of Public Speech. As such he is as responsible as any artist whose aim it is to persuade and to entertain.

The translator of poetry should be a poet. Not necessarily a major poet, or even a superior poet; let us say that he should be able to exploit the textures and rhythms of language in such a way as not to cause embarrassment or amusement in an intelligent reader, and, on the positive side, that he should have style enough of his own to engage the imagination of that reader. He should be able to manage unobtrusively the poetic idiom of our time. He should know that every lazy or traditional archaism, every verse on the model of "What say'st thou, Lady? Good lack, thine eyes well tears!" is a verse not only against God and man, but a verse against himself and the cause for which he presumably stands. (My example is *ad hoc,* but not extreme: it is in the vocabulary of the two collections most widely used today.) But he should also know that excursions in contrary directions—toward the man-to-man plainness that is so often man-to-man shoddiness, or the psycho-symbolico-experimentalist "modern," or the ecstatic rhapsodic—are equally suicidal. And lest he imagine that a very great poet indeed is exempt from these temptations, he might take a look at Ezra Pound's recent translation of *Trachiniai,* which manages to succumb to them all. It is not easy to be a poet; but here a poet is demanded.

For example. The *Heracleidae* of Euripides is a bad play. Its structure is foolish, its theme is self-contradictory, its diction is largely automatic. If it were not by Euripides, no one but the historian of culture would bother with it. But it is in the Euripidean Canon, and the translator is in a pretty predicament. He may not, like a free dramatist, rise above his original; that would be some kindness to Euripides, but it would be false. Neither may he deliberately sink, for that way lies parody. A non-committal prose version looks attractive, but it would be an evasion and ultimately unfair; after all, the Greek is poetry. The only viable medium is verse, but in this case a neutral, unpretending verse, a kind of literary lubricant, that will ease the reading along without calling attention to the many disasters and the few triumphs of the original text. Now this is an exceedingly difficult kind of verse to write: it calls for tact, for imagination, for a certain amount of creative daring. It happens that the Chicago translator, Ralph Gladstone, is not up to it. His blank verse is in *rigor mortis*; his lyric style is simply comic:

> We're peaceful men, but in advance
> We warn a king who's gone berserk
> To keep away. He'll have no chance
> To carry out his dirty work.

It is a pity, of course, that an inferior play should have fallen into the hands of so inept a versifier, although the accident hardly excuses the editors, neither of whom is tone-deaf, for providing the Unbeliever with printed comfort.

We turn to the *Alcestis*: an engaging little play, a classroom favorite. Here everything is different. The piece is structurally satisfactory except for a certain slap-happy wheeziness half way through. The characterization is extraordinarily subtle and refined. There are passages of great verbal beauty and a series of lovely choral odes. The translation is that of Rex Warner, a poet who, in addition to his own charming lyrics, has given us an incomparably fine Pindar, and the best verse *Iliad* that I have ever read. One expects a graceful, poetic *Alcestis*, and one is not disappointed. The writing is cool, deft; each character speaks with his authentic tone; the odes are lyrics in their own right.

Nevertheless, the performance is somehow unconvincing; it suggests that the translator himself was unconvinced, that he had no particular point of view about the play or the social and philosophical problems raised by the play.

We do not know what the original audience thought about *Alcestis*, and in this instance we can console ourselves by sharing our ignorance with Aristotle, who was also at a loss. Moreover, we are "conditioned" with respect to this drama. All sorts of things get in our

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way: various Shakespeare heroines, Ibsen, Landru, Norman Vincent Peale, Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Catt, even John Milton goggling at his Late Espousèd Saint. These distractions would have to be surmounted if we were to feel Greek about *Alcestis*. But we can not feel Greek, nor can any translator unless he is really Time's Eunuch; and that is another problem that the classicist must face. It is a problem of art, and essentially it is the same as the problem of intention that confronts any dramatist when he begins to compose. In a sense, the translators of *Medea* and *Hippolytus* have a more grateful job than Mr. Lattimore's; for although these are better plays, more intricate and more passionate than *Alcestis*, their force is more theatrical, more expectable. Since both Mr. Grene and Mr. Warner are competent poets, they do not go wrong; but since neither of them is a writer of Mr. Lattimore's stature, one wishes that he had chosen to do all four of these plays.

One is often asked if the translator should keep himself out of his translation. The real question is, Can he do so? Dr. Munch, of the Boston Symphony, writes: "We often hear said these days, speaking of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, 'Have you heard X's Fifth Symphony?' or 'Y's Fifth Symphony?' X and Y being conductors famous for the whimsy of their interpretations. I find this very distressing. I am interested in Beethoven's Fifth." Yet it is amusing to observe that no man's Beethoven is more a matter of the conductor than is the Beethoven of Dr. Munch. And I do not find this distressing at all. I do not know what Beethoven's Beethoven sounded like, nor does Dr. Munch. Textual fidelity (whatever that is), the original instrumentation, even the recovery and use of the original instruments themselves—these will not produce Beethoven for sensibilities altered by the experience of a hundred and fifty intervening years. The conductor is the translator. I want to hear what Euripides is saying today.

Notes on Contributors

LESLIE FIEDLER's latest book of literary criticism was recently published under the title *An End to Innocence*. CHARLES ANGOFF is the author of *The Sun at Noon*. Poet and critic DUDLEY FITTS will soon publish his own translations of four Aristophanes comedies.

WALLACE STEVENS, 1879-1955

Insurance executive and Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Wallace Stevens died August 3rd. His first book, *Harmonium*, appeared when he was 44 and had had work printed in such magazines as the *New Republic*.

The Man Whose Pharynx Was Bad

THE TIME of year has grown indifferent.
Mildew of summer and the deepening snow
Are both alike in the routine I know.
I am too dumbly in my being pent.

The wind attendant on the solstices
Blows on the shutters of the metropoles,
Stirring no poet in his sleep, and tolls
The grand ideas of the villages.

The malady of the quotidian . . .
Perhaps, if summer ever came to rest
And lengthened, deepened, comforted, caressed
Through days like oceans in obsidian
Horizons full of night's midsummer blaze;
Perhaps, if winter once would penetrate
Through all its purples to the final slate,
Persisting bleakly in an icy haze;

One might in turn become less diffident—
Out of such mildew plucking neater mould
And spouting new orations of the cold.
One might. One might. But time will not relent. *NR, Sept. 14, 1921*

Dance of the Macabre Mice

ON AN old shore, the vulgar ocean rolls
At the base of the statue, we go round and round.
What a beautiful history, beautiful surprise!
Monsieur is on horseback. The horse is covered with mice.

This dance has no name. It is a hungry dance.
We dance it out to the tip of Monsieur's sword,
Reading the lordly language of the inscription,
Which is like zithers and tambourines combined!

The Founder of the State. Whoever founded
A state that was free, in the dead of winter, from mice?
What a beautiful tableau, tinted and towering,
The arm of bronze outstretched against all evil! *NR, June 5, 1935*

Somnambulisma

IN THE land of turkeys in turkey weather
Noiselessly, noiselessly, resembling a thin bird,
That thinks of settling, yet never settles, on a nest.

The wings keep spreading and yet are never wings.
The claws keep scratching on the shale, the shallow shale,
The sounding shallow, until by water washed away.

The generations of the bird are all
By water washed away. They follow after.
They follow, follow, follow, in water washed away.
Without this bird that never settles, without
Its generations that follow in their universe,
The ocean, falling and falling on the hollow shore,

Would be a geography of the dead: not of the land
To which they have gone, but of the place in which
They lived, in which they lacked a pervasive being,

In which no scholar, separately dwelling,
Poured forth the fine fins, the gawky beaks, the personalia,
Which, as a man feeling everything, were his. *NR, August 23, 1943*

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CORRESPONDENCE

Frederic W. Collins' recent proposal that Adlai Stevenson, as titular head of the Democratic Party, become the accredited spokesman of the opposition, provoked sharp debate on who should speak for Democrats, some of which was published last week. Further comment follows.

SIRS:

May I add my enthusiastic endorsement to Fred Collins' words. They amount to more than advice for Adlai Stevenson. Mr. Collins' article states the dilemma quite accurately. The President has the status and the means for jumping in and out of his role of titular party leader. The defeated candidate has an extremely unstructured status, and hardly the means.

There is no "out" party counterpart of the President to co-ordinate the semi-autonomous organizational units of the party not holding the Presidency. The American national "out" party is like an army division with several battalion headquarters but no divisional commander. Nor do I expect that the simple establishment of a formal position of Opposition Leader, as in the parliamentary system, could meet the unique structural needs of the American Presidential-Congressional system. This would be making the same kind of mistake that Woodrow Wilson made. Our federal system and our separation of powers cannot be disregarded when we grapple with the organizational problems of our party system.

Before looking at the problem of the selection of a Minority Spokesman, let us ask what duties such a Spokesman might perform in our American system. His most fundamental job would be that of maintaining communication among the many semi-autonomous national-level units of his party. He could do this both formally and informally through systematically prepared monthly or quarterly reports on party activities around the national committee, Congress, the states, etc. He could convene appropriate party leaders or an Interim Executive Council weekly, monthly, quarterly or at his discretion. He could make the party's formal public pronouncements on situations and issues of the moment. Were he to do nothing more than these things he would at least be fulfilling the minimal needs of organization.

Who would the Minority Spokesman be? How chosen? It has been suggested that the office be especially created by Congress, with salary and special non-voting privileges in Congress. Whether or not Congress establishes a statutory office, it must be left to each party to develop its own methods of selection. Each party would have to develop its own uses for the office, impose its own restraints, and create its own mechanisms for making the position representative of the party's interests.

Several non-statutory approaches can be suggested in general terms. A new way of selecting the national party chairman might be developed wherein not only the Presidential nominee, his campaign organization, and the national committee could exert influence but also the national convention, the party-in-the-Senate, and the party-in-the-House.

Or a position in Congress might be developed—say the chairmanship of a joint party Policy Committee — which could give representation to non-Congressional agencies of the party. The party's nominee for President might automatically be recognized as informal —necessarily, because of our constitutional arrangements—honorary chairman of such a Joint Policy Committee, with the privilege of nominating some legislator of his own choice as formal chairman to hold office for some given period, perhaps through to the mid-term Congressional election.

Or the national convention might be fixed upon as the most appropriate place for designating the prospective Minority Spokesman. The Presidential nominee might automatically become chairman of an Interim National Party Council with *ex officio* representatives of the other national level party agencies: the party Policy Committee chairman in the Senate; some counterpart from the House of Representatives; the national party chairman; and the director of the Presidential campaign organization. The national convention itself could add to the Interim Council the Vice-Presidential nominee, all candidates who receive an average of 10 or 15 percent of the convention vote in the Presidential nominating roll calls, plus, by a roll-call vote, any others needed to fill out an 11, 13 or 15 member Interim Council. In defeat or victory this Council could fill many basic organizational functions for both parties. In defeat its chairman could automatically become Minority Spokesman until he resigns, is displaced by a mid-term convention (if one is developed for this purpose), or succeeded by the next Presidential nominee chosen at the next national convention.

The specifications for an office of Opposition Leader that would be most suitable for the American system have only begun to be explored—largely because the need has only begun to be realized.

RALPH GOLDMAN
Brookings Institution
Washington, D. C.

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SIRS:

After reading Mr. Frederic W. Collins' interesting article, "What Adlai Stevenson Can Do," I was not convinced that he can do much to establish, outside the government, any strong leadership over his party. Granted that it would be desirable to have more unified leadership in the party that does not have a President in office, the federal system and the separation of powers make such leadership nearly impossible.

From the defeat of Hoover to the election of Eisenhower defeated Republican candidates tried to retain leadership but failed. Willkie's failure was perhaps the most pathetic. Friends, money, a research organization, and an advisory group are not "a reasonable imitation of public office," as he discovered. Even a Governor's chair will not suffice: who would care to assert that Governor Dewey was the leader of the 80th Congress?

Congressional leaders have become leaders not by default, as Mr. Collins thinks, but because they are in the seats of power, and a defeated candidate is not. Most of them owe their elections and their hopes for re-election not to him but to their own states or districts. They can (and do) defy him with impunity. As far as that goes, they can defy a President of their own party. And they do. The federal system has undoubted advantages, but the production of uni-

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fied party leadership is not one of them.

DAYTON D. MCKEAN,
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colorado

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SIRS:

I think that Mr. Collins makes a persuasive case for the integration of leadership in the Democratic Party. But if Mr. Stevenson were to assume the leadership of his party now, I doubt very much that the leaders of the Congressional wing of that party would acquiesce. As an alternative to the Collins proposal, I suggest that the Congressional Caucus might be revived to choose the national leader of a defeated political party. The role of the Congressional Caucus in the selection of our Presidents during the first quarter of the nineteenth century will be recalled.

GEORGE B. GALLOWAY
Library of Congress
Washington, D. C.

• • •

SIRS:

Only in one respect do I disagree with Mr. Collins. It is not always possible to make a Presidential candidate again of a losing runner—as witness, Alf Landon. However, in the case of Adlai Stevenson, who polled more votes than any previous *winning* Presidential candidate, there is no question that Mr. Collins is right.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

• • •

SIRS:

What Mr. Collins calls "the useless procedure of shopping around for something better in the four year interval," while superfluous for the Democrats now, is actually a luxury of the American system made possible by the long campaign that follows the conventions. For the opposition party to select its candidates 3½ years in advance of election time would be to impose upon itself a mold it might soon consider archaic. The Republican Party of 1949, which reacted to Dewey's second defeat by replacing his party chairman with Taftite Guy Gabrielson might well have named the Ohio Senator its candidate had the decision been called for then. Disharmony is often greatest immediately following responsibility for defeat. Could the Democratic Party, which in 1924 took 103 ballots to nominate John W. Davis, have ever agreed on a candidate following his defeat? Or would the party cause seem so hopeless that the post-election nomination would go to whomever might be silly enough to risk his political neck by accepting it?

The suggestion for a leader of the opposition is impractical without parties which are far more homogeneous and united than American parties have ever been. Even the once-unanimous Labor Party is having difficulties when it tries to impose Atleeism on Bevan. The Democratic Party finds it impossible to marshal all its members behind a single candidate four months out of four years, and its divergent elements might well resent having one man presume to speak for all of them four years out of four, setting by himself the policy of *their* party. Sources of friction would increase manifoldly, and the single agreement expected of the opposition party quadrennially might prove even more difficult to achieve. This is to say nothing of the resentment Stevenson would face if he were to attempt to initiate the "Stevenson System" by usurping the prerogatives of the national convention which professional politicians (among others) so jealously guard.

But the shortcomings of the present system remain. Partly through the fault of the opposition and partly due to the soporific of peace and prosperity, popular consciousness of the faults of the present Administration has not been built up. Unless the Democrats begin now to dramatize the fact that all's not well on the Potomac, their 1956 campaign may be met by the casual query: "What's all the shouting about?"

Far less ambitious than Mr. Collins, I would like to suggest that the effectiveness of the opposition might be increased by a radio-TV program sponsored every month or so by the Democratic National Committee, a sort of "Democratic Digest of the Air" (without the name). Without telling the admen about it, one or more party leaders might sit in front of a microphone and discuss a current issue in some detail. With a minimum of partisanship and huckstering and a maximum of facts the opposition party might find itself with a potent instrument for presenting its case on often-complicated issues, along with some of its potential national candidates. A lineup might include Stuart Symington or Henry Jackson on national defense, Albert Gore on the highway program, Hubert Humphrey on government security and Stevenson on foreign-policy developments, education and trends within the Administration, *e.g.* undue delegation of Presidential authority to Congress and subordinates and carelessness with the quasi-judicial commissions. There need be no setting of a party line—simply an effort to present a Democratic viewpoint.

PETER ECKSTEIN
Hazelcrest, Illinois

► Indonesia in the UN

SIRS:

In your "Opportunities for Agreement" in the July 11 issue, you erroneously include Indonesia among the new states still awaiting admission to the United Nations. If you consult the records, you will find that Indonesia was the latest to be admitted; the date, 1950.

MRS. ALICE S. HAMBURG
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